The Snare of Craving

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Illustration by Dipabhasadhamma

Craving calls, a ceaseless tide,
It whispers soft, it swells with pride.
The heart leaps forth, the mind takes aim,
But each new grasp fans the flame.

"Desire grows, like a creeping vine,"
The Buddha spoke, "it wraps, entwines.
For those who yield, it weaves its snare,
And binds them fast to sorrow's lair."

It leaps from thought to fleeting thought,
An endless hunger, always sought.
"Like a monkey roaming tree to tree,
Craving blinds what could be free."

Each fruit we taste, each fleeting prize,
Leaves longing deep, the fire to rise.
"But he who tears the roots apart,
Who knows the truth within his heart,
Is free, like drops from lotus leaf,
Untouched by sorrow, pain, or grief."

The creeper's root lies hidden deep,
Its tendrils twist where shadows creep.
"To cut it clean, dig with care,
Pull up its root, leave nothing there.

For if it grows, it will ensnare,
Like grass that spreads in summer air.
Dig deep, as one who seeks the balm,
And find the peace of perfect calm."

The Buddha showed the path so clear,
"To walk this way, have no fear.
Craving is the fire that burns,
Extinguished, life itself returns."

Oh seeker, pause, reflect, and see,
The path that leads to being free.
Craving, the vine, can never bind,
When wisdom blooms within the mind.

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